The People's Advocate.

$1.50 per Year, invariably in Advance. Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles. Single Copies, Five Cents.

VOL. VI. WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1882. NO. 41.

Across the Aisles.

Meet her every Sabbath day,
Down in the lane where sunbeams play;
And follow her past oak and birch,
Into the quaint, old-fashioned church.

She sits across the aisles fromme,
A worshipper devout to see;
But I can never find my place,
For gazing at her quiet face.

Hers is no vain and gaudy dress:
Naught but youth's garb of loveliness.
Adorns the form so kindly meant
For Nature's robe of sweet content.

Her bonnet, too, is quaint and small;
It scarcely hides her hair at all;
And 'neath those lashes long and brown,
What thoughtful looks are shimmered down!

Her place within that humble pew
Is promptly filled the long day through;
Where heart and voice, with one accord,
Join in glad praise unto the Lord.

I know not what the name may be
Of the fair maid so dear to me;
I may not ever know, but still
Her presence makes each wild pulse thrill.

Yet camly walks she with her God,
Content to follow where he trod;
While I can only watch the smiles
Upon her face across the aisles.

WHAT WAS IT.

I was engaged to Angelina Melville, and I thought myself the luckiest man living. Angelina was so handsome that no stranger ever saw her without expressing admiration, and one did not weary with the face after years of familiarity with it. She was wellbred, accomplished and a great heiress I had reason to believe she was very fond of me. No man could be more entirely content than I was as I leaned back in the first-class carriage which took me from Glasgow into the country, to the Vale of Cruix, where I was to preach a few Sabbaths.

The pulpit was vacant, and I was going to try my wings. With my pecuniary prospects I scarcely thought I should care to accept a call to the Vale of Cruix, but I had no objection to filling its pulpit for a few weeks, especially as Angelina had gone to the West coast, and Glasgow was warm and stuffy and stupid.

Casual remembrance of elegant parsonages built in Queen Anne's style; of a study where the footfalls were softened by Persian rugs, and the doors draped in portieres of velvet; chairs and a desk, carved richly as some old confessional, flitted through my mind. And I thought also of a table spread with silver and rare china with a lady at its head, who resembled a queen. And I breathed a luxurious sigh as I awakened from my day dream to a knowledge that the words "Vale of Cruix" were being shouted on the platform, and that the train was coming to a standstill.

I seized my traveling-bag from the rack overhead and hurried out of the carriage. The porters had just pulled four or five trunks on the platform. Two old wagons stood in the road, one driven by an old woman in a sunbonnet, the other by a red-haired boy with bare feet; and a queer, knock-kneed horse attached to a queerer old gig, was standing at a little distance. A young man in a light summer suit, and a city family bent on rural happiness, were my companions on the platform.

The farmer put his trunk in the first wagon, kissed the old woman in the sunbonnet, took the reins and drove away. He was evidently the son of the family, come home to spend his vacation. The rest of the trunks and city family—mother, father, little boy, nursemaid and baby—were put in the wagon and driven by the boy.

When the train moved away I was left alone on the platform—alone, but for the station-master, who sat upon a bench smoking a clay pipe.

In a moment more the official without looking at me, made the remark: "Deacon Stevenson has come for the new minister. He's over in the hotel and will be back in a minute."

"Thank you," said I.

The station-master took no notice of me, but, having climbed upon a stool and made some changes in a time register on the wall of the station, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and sauntered away down the railroad.

I took his place upon the bench and waited. In a few minutes a prim little old gentleman appeared upon the top of the hill, carrying in one hand a tin can, in the other a tin pail, and under either arm a brown-paper parcel. I knew at a glance that it was Stevenson.

"Are you Mr. Mactaggert?" he inquired mildly, as he approached. I want to know! I hadn't any expectation of being kept so long, but, you see, it saves the women folks trouble to fetch things when I drive down. Step in, won't you? I'll jest hang this can of paraffine ile on behind. Some dislike the smell—maybe you do. The sugar-loaf, tea and coffee can go under the seat as well as not. How's your health, sir, and how do you like the Vale of Cruix?"

I answered that my health was good and that I had not, as yet, seen much of Vale of Cruix.

"No, you haven't," said the old gentleman. "Well, you'll drive through it now." And he shook the reins and the old horse began to stumble along. And on we drove past certain rows of brick houses very much like each other, and with the same flowers in their front gardens, until having passed the church, we came to one happily set about by old oak-trees, before the gate of which we drew up.

A girl stood at the gate—a fair girl in a blue muslin dress and white apron.

"Take the sugar, Mary, before it gets upset," said the Deacon. "This is Mr. Mactaggert, that's to preach for us. Mr. Mactaggert, this is my daughter Mary."

We bowed, and she vanished with the parcels.

"What a lovely little creature!" said I to myself. "Nothing like Angelina, but so pretty!" And I found myself thinking of her as I washed my hands and brushed my hair in the blue-walled bedroom on the second floor with white fringed counterpanes and curtains, and two black silhouettes over the mantelpiece on either side of the China vases of roses.

There were only four of us at the table—the Deacon, his wife, a stout lady, who never said more than she could help, and Mary. She had spent the last winter at Glasgow, and we talked about all she had seen. She was self-possessed without being forward, and oh, so pretty! Now, Angelina was splendid and queenly, so this was mild praise that she could not have objected to, only I said it very often. I preached on the next Sunday. It was settled that I should spend the summer there. I wrote this to Angelina:

"Since you cannot be with me it does not matter where I am—this stupid place as well as any other. Address to the care of Deacon Stevenson. I shall remain with him while I preach here."

It was a pleasant summer, despite the dullness of the place. How good the quaint old Deacon was when one really knew him! How motherly was Mrs. Stevenson! As for Mary, she grew sweeter every day! I have often wondered what Angelina would have said could she have seen me helping her to pick blackberries, to find the runaway cow, to carry home the milk pail, driving her over to the country grocery, and returning with a freight of groceries—Angelina, who knew nothing of domestic details, and whose monogrammed and perfumed letters were often brought over from the office in company with the paraffine can. I wrote my sermons at one end of the round table, while Mary sat at the other sewing. Between us was a lamp with a green paper shade. Now and then a big bug would fly into the window and go humming about our heads, or a moth would try to singe its wings over the chimney, and I would drive it out. The old people would go to bed after awhile, and then Mary and I would find ourselves hungry, and she would go into the kitchen to find "something good." I always held the light for her. And when something good was found we ate it in the back porch, sitting side by side on the step like two children.

She was so like a child, that little Mary, that it seemed no harm to ask her to kiss me good-night, or to hold her hand in mine, as it rested on my arm, in our long walks home from church on Sunday evenings.

The summer passed; October came. Angelina returned to the city and wrote to me. It was while we were eating peaches and cream in the back-porch that evening that I said to Mary: "I will tell you a secret if you will keep it for a while, "Mary."

"Oh, of course I will Mr. Mactaggart."

"I am going to be married this autumn, Mary," I said. "Those pretty letters you always thought came from my sister came from the lady who is to marry me. She is very beautiful, very rich, very stylish, but very kind. You must come and see us Mary, when we are married. I shall tell Angelina how good you have been to me—what a sweet little sister I found out here in the Vale of Cruix. Why, Mary—"

For, as I spoke, I felt the little hand I held grow cold and heavy in mine. I saw her sink backward. The big china bowl of peaches and cream slipped with a crash to the ground and shattered to pieces.

I caught the poor child in my arms. In a moment she came to herself, and said she had overtired herself, she thought. They had been baking all day, and it was warm. And now she bade me good-night. But I did not see her next day, nor the next. She kept her room, and was not well enough to bid me good-by.

Poor little Mary! I felt very miserable. However, Angelina met me at Glasgow. She was more beautiful than ever—more elegant in contrast to my simple country friend—and very soon I laughed at myself for the thought that had been in my heart. Of course I said it was the baking that had overcome Mary—it was not my news. I had only been to her as a friend—as a brother. I had not made love to her; above all, I had not flirted with her. But I thought of Mary a great deal, and I missed her every hour exactly—oh, yes, exactly—as I might a sister.

I wrote to Mrs. Stevenson, and her answer was very brief.

"I haven't much time to write," she said in her postscript. "Mary is sick, and besides being driven I am anxious."

This letter was in my pocket on that day when Angelina and I went together to the bazaar for the benefit of the church of St. Matthew.

After we had roamed about the bazar and bought all sorts of knick-knacks, I escorted Angelina to a seat, and there sat down to wait while one of the ladies who, "on this occasion only," were doing good, hard work, brought us a tray of refreshments.

As we sat there sipping our coffee two women sat down at the next table with their backs to us.

"I am very tired, are you not, Mrs. Russell?" And the other answered:

"Yes, I am tired. I don't think that it is worth the while to come all the way from Vale of Cruix to Glasgow sight-seeing."

This was the voice of Stevenson's nearest neighbor, and I liked her and respected her, yet did not feel quite how Angelina would like an introduction, and so refraining from looking round and making myself known.

"I think we'd better have tea," said the voice. "It's more refreshing than coffee. Oh, how is Mary-to-day. Think of my never asking before!"

"Mary is poorly," said Mrs. Russell. "Oh, Mrs. Cullen, what a pity it is that flirting young minister came down to Vale of Cruix. I don't know what Mrs. Stevenson was about to let him do as he did. We thought he was courting Mary. She did, poor child. She just loved him dearly. And the day before he went away he told her he was engaged to some girl in Glasgow. I'm afraid it's broken her heart. She told me all about it. 'Oh, Aunty Russell,' she said, 'I know I ought to be ashamed, but I can't help it. He seemed to like me so. I hope I shall die of this fever, for life is nothing to me.' Ashamed! Why, it's he that ought to be ashamed. Of all the things, a minister to be a cold, cruel flirt, and that is what Hugh Mactaggert is."

I listened, but I could not move or speak. I felt as though my heart was also breaking, and oh, the time I suffered! The women drank their tea and left, and then Angelina turned to me with a cold, sarcastic smile.

"I see by your face that the little story is perfectly true, Mr. Mactaggert," she said.

"Angelina," I faltered, "I have done nothing that should give offense to you."

"Nothing but love another woman," she answered. "Love her, and let her see it, meaning to marry me. Don't think I'm hurt; indeed, I am relieved! I should have kept my word to you, but for this; but not so gladly as I once should. You are a very good-looking man, but on the whole you don't suit me. I met Mr. S., at Millport, and he does. Frankly, I have been thinking what a pity it was that I must decline his offer. As for this—Mary, is it not! wouldn't she make a very good minister's wife?"

It came to my mind that she would—that she was the only wife for me; that Angelina, splendid as she was, would never have made me happy.

But I only said: "Miss Melville, if you desire your freedom I have no choice."

"I desire it greatly," she answered.

"It is yours," I said, with a bow.

After that I think that we were both happier than we had been for days, and shook hands when we parted.

That night I went up to the Vale of Cruix, and told Mary that my marriage was broken off, and that she was the only woman I had ever loved. She tried to summon up her pride and refuse me, but failed in the attempt and let me take her to my heart. To-day I am pastor of the church at the Vale of Cruix. Mary is my wife and we are as plain and quiet a pair as you could fancy. I even help my wife pick currants, and I have taken a turn at the garden when help was scarce. But I do not envy Mr. S. his wife, nor pine for the luxurious possibilities that I lost with Angelina. Mary and my little home content me.

But one thing is on my conscience. I have never been able to ask myself the question "Did I flirt with Mary? If not, what was it?"

An Arkansas Romance.

Some time ago a Miss Wampton, a beautiful young lady, and a wealthy young farmer named Rockton were married. The young lady would not have been termed a "happy bride." She had never loved Rockton, and only married him to please a widowed mother, "I will obey you," said the girl. "but I do not even like Mr. Rockton. He is wealthy; but while poverty always brings misery, yet wealth does not always bring happiness. You know that I am devoted to Tom Rosemond, and that he is devoted to me; but if you, as my mother, command me, I will obey, though the effort cost me my life as well as my happiness."

The ceremony was performed. Rosemond, who would have been the girl's choice, left the neighborhood. Six months afterward Rosemond returned and sent Mrs. Rockton a note, begging an interview. She showed the note and her answer of refusal to her husband. He kissed her as a reward of fidelity. Rockton was taken sick with swamp fever, and when about to die he said:

"You have been a faithful wife. Nine women out of ten would have run away long ago. I have always known that you loved Rosemond. I have sent for him. I want you to marry him before I die so that I can see the ceremony."

"That would not be legal," answered the wife, "for I cannot marry another man so long as you are living."

"Well, but I want him here, so I can see that the ceremony is performed immediately after I am dead."

Rosemond and a preacher was sent for. They arrived. Rockton gasped and motioned. The marriage party approached the bed. Rockton placed the hands of the lovers together, gasped, and died. The preacher raised his hand, and the lovers were married.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly* advises people never to lean the back upon anything that is cold.

Two good hearty meals in the day are sufficient for health—one before going to work, and the other after work is over; that is, breakfast and supper, or what is the same, late dinner. Some lunch is needed between these meals, but this should be light.

Hot, heavy suppers taken shortly before going to bed prevent refreshing sleep, and are among the most frequent causes of attacks of indigestion. At the same time an empty stomach is to be avoided; a few biscuits, or something equally light, is all that is required.

Too much smoking is a harmful habit, causing nervousness, shaky hands, palpitation of the heart, want of appitite and sleeplessness; when any of these occur, tobacco should be left off, or used very seldom. The practice of boys learning to smoke can not be too strongly condemned.

When the joints are stiffened with rheumatism or a settled cold, the following applications are said to be capital, and enable the sufferer to move with ease: Cut into small bits (or grate) one ounce of castile soap, and a heaping table-spoonful of cayenne pepper. Have these in a small pitcher, and then pour on to them half a pint of boiling hot water. Stir until all is dissolved, and add a little cider, brandy or alcohol when bottling. An application of the above brings the blood in a glow to the joints, and on rubbing a little sweet oil to relax the muscles the patient will be enabled to walk with perfect ease.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

Saved.

The Chicago girl, like the true, sensible great-hearted creature she is, reveres the old-fashioned idea that love is better than any great riches. The *Tribune* of that city gives this example of her sublime sense of duty, even when sorely pressed by a cruel-hearted parent:

"No, Cigaret-Charley," said Pansey Perkins, using the name by which Reginald was known among the wild reckless set with which he associated; "I can never be your bride. I know that you love me deeply and truly, and that to win a love like yours is something of which any woman might be proud. I will not deny, Reginald"—and here the girl stepped closer to him and placed a soft, white hand in his, while the deep, brown eyes that could lure a soul through infernal or St. Louis gleamed forth with a topaz tint that intoxicated with the sweet nectar of love all who came within their gaze—"that with you I could live happily forever in the Lotus islands of a Chicago boarding house, but my father says—and you know how I adore my dear, kind papa—that you are not one of the nervously active, pushing sort that always gets ahead in the world; that he does not object to my marrying a poor man, but that man must be one who will rise in the world—'a hustler from Hustletown,' as dear papa says. So we must part"

"Pansy—Miss Perkins," said Reginald in those deep, thrilling tones of his; "I cannot—indeed I cannot let you go! Stay one moment—only one moment!"

How that rich voice rang in her ears. Despite herself it moved her strangely. "Very well," she said," I will stay."

Darting hastily to the hat-rack in the front hall Reginald fumbled for a moment in the upper left-hand pocket of his overcoat and drew therefrom a pice of white paper. Returning to the parlor he knelt beside the *fauteuil* on which pansy had thrown herself in an agony of grief, and kissed away the bitter tears that of pain and sorrow that were were welling up into the beautiful brown eyes.

"See, my darling," he exclaimed eagerly, placing the paper before her. "Look at this, my precious one."

Pansy opened her eyes and gazed languidly at the paper. "What is it, tootsie?" she murmered.

Drawing himself up proudly, and holding in one hand the paper and in other his pancake hat, Reginald Green said in proud tones:

"It is a notice of my promotion to ribbon counter. Hereafter my salary will be $12 per week. Pansy, my precious one, we are saved."

The girl looked at him lovingly. "You bet we are," she said, and her arms were clasped about his 13-inch neck in an ecstacy of passion.

A Big Head of Steam.

Topnoody made up his mind that he was not going to be bossed any longer by his wife, so when he went home at noon he called out impetuously, "Mrs. Topnoody! Mrs. Topnoody!" Mrs. T. came out of the kitchen with a drop of sweat on the end of her nose, a dish-rag tied round her head, and a rolling-pin in her hand, "Well, sir," she said, "What'll you have?" Topnoody staggered, but braced up. "Mrs. Topnoody, I want you to understand, madame"—and he tapped his breast dramatically—"I am the engineer of this establishment." "Oh, you are, are you? Well, Topnoody, I want you to understand that I"—and she looked dangerous—"I am the boiler that will blow up and sling the engineer over into the next county. Do you hear the steam escaping, Topnoody?" Topnoody heard it, and he meekly inquired if there was any assistance he could render in the house work.

Wilting a Lion.

Many years ago, when the country was new and infested with the grizzly bear and the prairie dog, there used to be a couple of mountain lions at the Green river eating house. They were kept in a big iron cage at the east end of the platform, and the average tourist was regaled each day by their ferocious antics.

After awhile Cap Lang, who kept the house, got tired of the mountain lions, and traded them to a traveling circus for an old and highly respected African lion with false teeth. He was thoroughly under subjection, and had got so docile that he didn't draw any more as man-eater for the circus and they had to feed him cayenne pepper and turpentine to make him scare the women and children on the front seats, in the greatest living aggregation on earth and only boss double-hump dromedary and ten-elephant show in the known world.

Still he was obedient, and when the lion tamer would pound on the floor of the cage with his foot, the venerable old fraud would open his mouth till you could throw a cook stove into it, and he would gnash his store teeth and roar till the center pole would tremble and pink lemonade would go up to ten cents a glass.

Well, Cap. Lang established the king of beasts in his new quarters, and by feeding him hotel soup and chopped feed, with a sprinkling of cayenne pepper and ground mustard, continued to make him lively enough to give the overland passengers fifty cents worth of roar after each meal.

Ira Carrington, who used to brake on a passenger between Laramie and Green river, was also a Western curiosity. He didn't work for the company so much on account of the salary as he did for the fun he had lying to the tenderfoot. If the pay car didn't catch him regularly he didn't care much, but if he failed to pick up a victim every trip and fill him full of the wild and gory West, he went home hurt and despondent.

One day he ran across a passenger in the day coach who was a professional lion-tamer from away back. He admitted that he could paralyze an African lion with the cold and cruel glare of his baleful eye. He had met the king of beasts in his tropical home and wilted him hundreds of times with his double-barrel glitter.

Mr. Carrington then said that when the train got to Green river there would be an opportunity for him to turn loose on a ferocious brute at the hotel. The news rapidly spread among the passengers that a lion tamer from Timbuctoo was on board who would, on reaching Green river, give a free performance, in which he would enter the cage and pull the lion's tail out by the roots and throw the bob-tail king of beasts over the eating house.

When the train arrived at Green river the lion-tamer, with his coat off and a blue cotton handkerchief tied around his head, walked up to the cage with his cruel eye fixed on the lion in a reproachful way calculated to fill the ferocious monster with remorse.

The entire load of passengers stood near with bated breath, wondering whether the brave man would cow the haughty king of the forest or get himself chewed up into Vienna sausages.

At this moment Mr. Carrington, who knew the characteristics of the feeble old circus lion of the present day, pounded on the platform with his foot in a loud and boisterous manner, and the king of beasts responded in a way that did great credit to himself and scared the passengers half to death. He opened his month so that you could see the basemeet of his liver, and lashing the cage with his tail, let off a base solo that pretty near shattered the blue vault of heaven. The hot, fiery breath of the monster came thick and and steaming against the cheek of the bold lion-tamer. The red gums and fiery eyes of the mad brute gleamed close to the bars of his cage. The lion-tamer forgot about casting a withering glitter on the lion. In the hurry and excitement it escaped his mind.

Backing slowly away from the cage in order that the king of the forest might recover from his fright, the lion-tamer fell off into a bunch of sage brush. The crowd then greeted him with round after round of applause. Mr. Carrington took him by the suspender and rescued him.

The lion-tamer then went into the car. He had no business particularly in the car, but he went in there so that he could be away from the prying eyes of the passengers.

This shows how a truly brave man shuns the approbation and applause of the multitude, and also how a basswood lion stuffed with baled hay and fitted out with plaster of paris teeth and a heavy baritone voice can outglare an able-bodied lion-tamer from Kalamazoo.—*Boomerang.*

Mr. E. E. Fish has noticed that many birds posses powers of ventriloquism. From a distance of a few feet, the cuckoo makes its voice appear to come from a furlong away; singing on a low branch, the thrush seems to be in the tree-top; the vesper-sparrow and the field sparrow are apparently in a distant field, although really on a neighboring fence. The robin and the catbird are endowed with a similar power; and the oven-bird, singing at a distance, almost causes the listener to believe it to be within reach, by its sharp, ringing notes.

There are more German bakers in London than in Berlin.

My Cousin.

I gaze upon thy laughing eyes,
Which mock the sapphire's blue;
Your cheeks rich red as ruby dyes,
Your lips of coral hue;
Thine is a spirit pure and mild,
The artless feeling of a child—
A heart too innocent to weave
One thought intended to deceive.

Ah! how I wish thy voice could be
Forever wild and full of glee;
And while the days pass over us,
I wish thee, Maggie, ever thus—
And still lie on thy forhead fair,
The same bright curls of silken hair.
No shade of grief, no painful care,
Which grieves me e'en to fancy there.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

An English clergyman declares that "the greatness of the future of nations belongs to the republic of the United States."

Newfoundland is the oldest of the British colonies. It is nearly as large as England. Agriculture is much neglected, and her flour, oat-meal, peas, potatoes, hay and straw have to be imported.

Dr. Barksdale, of the Virginia lunatic asylum reports the case of a negro lunatic whose brain weighed seventy ounces. This is believed to be the largest brain on record except that of Oliver Cromwell.

Statistics disclose the fact that of every ten children born in England and Wales, less than seven ever reach their twentieth year. In France only one half of the boys and girls who are born attain that age, and Ireland falls even below this miserable standard of juvenile healthfulness.

Prof. Edward D. Cope, the Philadelphia geologist and palæontologist, thinks he has discovered a "missing link." In the tertiary formation of the Big Horn valley, Wyoming, he dug out the skull of a species of monkey which exhibits human characteristic in miniature, and is vastly superior to the monkey skulls of the present day.

The following is a good recipe for removing grease spots from paper: Scrape finely some pipe clay on the sheet of paper which is to be cleaned. Let it completely cover it, then lay a thin piece of paper over it, and pass a heated iron on it for a few seconds. Then take a perfectly clean piece of India rubber and rub off the pipe clay. In most cases, one application will be found sufficient, but if it is not, repeat it.

HUMOROUS.

Man wants but little here below, and he gets it.

A while a go a party of lynchers out West postponed the hanging five minutes to allow the victim time to finish smoking a cigar. This proves that the use of tobacco prolongs life.

S. P. C., Seguin, Texas: "I am a clerk in a country store, and would like to be a actor. What would you advise me to do?" We would "advice" you to stay behind the counter. If you insist on being an actor, the literary and orthographical labor of writing puffs of yourself for the press will wear your young life away.—*Siftings.*

Darwin, in his new book, estimates that there are in gardens 53,767 worms to the acre. This tallies with our count when we were digging garden and didn't care a nickle about finding worms; but when we wanted bait for fishing the garden didn't pan out a dozen worms to the acre. They had all emigrated to the garden of some other fellow who never goes a fishing.—*Norristown Herald.*

An instance of professional friendship is thus recorded in *Figaro*: "Two dramatic authors are present at the first night of an opera written by a mutual friend. A passage received an encore. 'An encore for those lines!' exclaimed one of the rival dramatists; 'I do not see why!' 'It is not,' said the other, 'because they are good. They are called for again to see if they can be understood.'"

Vaccination.

The vaccination question seems to come up every now and then in this country as well as in Europe, and there is a growing party which strongly opposes the practice. Our friend the Hon. A. E. Giles, of Hyde Park, sends us a copy of the Norfolk County *Gazette*, containing a letter from his pen in which he urges the repeal of compulsory vaccination law of Massachusetts. This law prohibits the admission of any child to the public schools who has not been vaccinated. Mr Giles quotes the Eclectic Medical Association of Connecticut as having passed a resolution in which it declares its conviction against the practice of vaccination, and all legislation making it compulsory. During the discussion an army surgeon related some of his interesting experiences during the late war. He was employed by the Government to vaccinate the soldiers. They were drawn up in line and compelled to bare their arms for him to operate. He said that some of the sores produces were frightful, and some of the arms would swell to inordinate dimensions, even endangering the lives of many. Yet, he affirms, it kept off no pestilence, and he declares from his own experience and observation that vaccination is the veriest humbug imaginable. The one who gave this testimony was Dr. Pease, of Thomaston.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

A man is wiser for his learning, and the sooner he learns that the only proper way to cure a Cough or Cold, is to use Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup, the better he is off.

The People's Advocate

ESTABLISHED 1876.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

609 LA. AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, if paid in advance..... $1.50
One copy one year if paid after three months $1,65
One copy, one year, if paid after six months. $1.75
One copy, one year paid at end of year..... $2.00
One copy six months..... $1.00
One copy three months..... .50

Entered at the Washington Post Office as second class matter.

Please send by postal order or registered letter.

Address, THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, BOX 263, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1882.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

A SUCCESS.

We take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the annual statement of the Chesapeake Marine Railway and Dry Dock Co., of Baltimore. The above named company was organized, we believe, in 1865—a time when the white caulkers and other dock-yard hands organized against the colored men of like occupation—and was the direct result of prejudice and hatred. The organization has been conducted on wise and economical business principles, until now, it can show figures somewhat astounding to the colored people in other cities, who, however much they *applaud* the colored Co-operative movements, yet withhold from any substantial support of them. The statement shows a business amounting to $37,553.09, with cash receipts, during the year, amounting to $34,968.98; $34,100.19 were disbursed, $16,325.99 of which having been paid to workmen, mostly colored, and $1,403.60 on account of dividends. The assets of the company amount to $12,582.08, of which $1,777.92 are in cash and notes, with liabilities amounting to but $1,248.76. The above is a brief statement of the business done by the largest colored co-operative company in the United States.

As we have before said, this company is the outgrowth of combined opposition on the part of the whites to colored labor. Now, the very class who opposed Negro labor are glad to be employed by the company. There are too very excellent features in the statement: First, it shows that the institution *pays*, in the fact that over $1,400 was paid on account of pividends, and secondly, it furnishes employment for a great number of colored laborers, at good wages, who would doubtless, otherwise, be forced to work for little or nothing, with the chances of labor against them. As to the moral effect of the company, upon the business circles of Baltimore, it is difficult to say. Certainly the business of the company indicates that it is fast making its way through the bulwarks of prejudice and even now commands the respect and patronage of the business men of Baltimore. We compliment the C. M. R. & D. D. Co. upon the steady improvement it has maintained since its organization, and we hope and predict that it will soon be a great power in the matter of encouraging business enterprise among the colored people and of great substantial benefit to its stock-holders. We hope that our Washington readers will be wrought up to something like a moderate interest in co-operative organizations. We are almost surfeited of this constant ding dong of ours, about the necessity of co-operation in matters of business and the like, here in Washington. To be sure we have had some few men who banded together for the sale of holliday candies, but that is not enough. How would a statement of holiday sales compare with our Baltimore leaders? Let us drop co-operation on "taffy" and begin in earnest to "stick."

WARD'S COLOR LINE.

However much the colored people may be under the bane of proscription, with respect to their social and political rights, they can at least congratulate themselves upon the fact that they are at liberty to spend their money as they choose. And we suggest that it is high time to begin *discriminating* in the matter of our patronage. When we consider that we spend upwards of $800,000, per annum, with our merchants, milk venders, &c., *perhaps* it *might* cause us to think upon the powerful influences we might have in securing to ourselves that recognition for which we have been and are clammoring. Perhaps the following suggestion offered by our friend (?) F. K. Ward, the milk peddler and lunch stand keeper, may throw some light on the subject:

You will find postal enclosed, for criticism or any suggestion you may feel disposed to offer, which will receive my personal attention. Should you find it inconvenient to accept the invitation, please hand to some genteel *white* person who will."

This comes from a man who has been "built up," principally, by the colored people. Perhaps this has never occurred to the famous milk vender, but there is a way of forcing the matter upon his attention in a manner not altogether pleasing to him. The colored people, as a rule, contract for the purchase of the milk used in this city, such matters being left entirely to their discretion. We suppose that the pretty red wagon and that musical gong have served as a greater inducement to purchase of Ward, than the quality of the milk. At least it is safe to say that milk, just as good as that sold by Ward, can be bought of other persons. We suggest to our readers that, since the "nigger hater," Ward, advertises for genteel *white* persons to sip his coffee and cream, as a "rustic" lunch, in his saloon, he may also "steer clear" of the colored people when he desires to vend his Alderney (?) milk from his red wagons, in the street. We claim that there are colored milk dealers in the city who can supply our demand for milk and that, particularly as between them and such men as Ward, they should be given the preference. We are *always* in favor of a *slight* discrimination in favor of our race, because they are entitled to it; but in this case we are in favor of it "all the time." It would not be a bad thing for our ministers and leaders of the different societies to point to this matter and advise their brothers to give Ward *a wide berth*. Let us use the little power we have toward *commanding* respect.

"SKIMMED MILK."

It may not be out of place to suggest to some of our milk-venders that, in a recent test case before the General Sessions Court in New York, the sale of "skimmed milk" was declared to be illegal, on the ground that it was not a proper article for food. Of course this decision was rendered in New York upon a test as to the constitutionality of an ordinance prohibiting the sale of improper articles of food. Our "adulterators" may not be at all alarmed about it, but it will be well to remember that even here, "endurance may cease to be a virtue," and those who are selling "skimmed milk" may find that there is an ordinance here prohibiting its sale. It would not be a bad thing for the Board of Health to inspect some of our *first-class* milk shops, where they wont let a "nigger" lunch, to ascertain whether the proprietors do not sell a spurious article.

THAT "RELIC OF BARBARISM."

The startling fact that the Kentucky House of Representatives has defeated the bill to restore the whipping post, comes to us with peculiar greeting. When the legislature of the State of blue grass and green people declare the whipping post a barbarous institution, it is high time for Virginia and other States to be up and doing. When we hear of such unlooked-for blessings, we have reason to hope for an early recognition of our rights to political and civil equality.

READ the speech of Senator Wilcox in the Virginia Legislature, see the spirit breathed therein and be convinced, if you were not before, that those who voted for Cameron knew what they were doing.

SKEPTICISM AMONG NEGROES.

BY REV. WM. WARING.

Read before the Literary Society of Bethel Church January 3, 1882.

The term skepticism in its modern use as applied to theological inquiry, embraces the views of all who do not believe in the inspiration of the Bible, although they may differ in the degrees of their skepticism and in the terms of expressing it.

In approaching the subject of "Skepticism among Negroes" by first determining the circumstances under which it is uttered and the character of its growth, we find that much of it does not set out with rejecting an inspired Bible and scarcely stands in opposition to the Gospel itself.

Among colored people, in this country, the utterance of skeptical opinions is confined almost exclusively to our most intelligent classes; but, oftener than otherwise, those who utter such opinions couple them with the unfaithfulness of the white American church on questions affecting their political and social welfare, and their object has always plainly been to express hostility to the church rather than to the Christian system.

The intelligent colored people of the United States have been a unit in the opinion that the organized church of this country has promised to them but little more than good things, to come after death, while it has offered to other men rich fruits to be gathered in this life. The same pulpits that taught white men to lay down their lives, if necessary, for the preservation of their liberties and for the happiness of their children, taught the Negro to wear the badge of slavery meekly in this world, and to wait patiently for the time when he would wear a crown of gold in the "Sweet bye and bye." The same religious teachers that taught their hearers the doctrine of brotherly love and the oneness of Christ's family on the earth, whispered confidentially to the Negro that he was an honorable exception to this rule, and that while in the flesh he had better have his brotherly love to himself, assuring him nevertheless that, when we become angels, we would all be white, and then we could live and love together through the undying eternities.

It is always just to say, however, that there were a few pulpits that preached and a few churches that defended the gospel of love and good will toward *all* men, but everybody who is old enough to remember the days before the war, knows that the white man who attempted to carry that doctrine into practice, soon fell under the ban of his friends and himself became an object of aversion. And to this day the difference between the white church and the black church is so marked that, in practical religious intercourse, the one scarcely remembers the existence of the other. Intelligent Negroes looking upon this state of things with unmixed disgust, have despised the church as heartily as the church has despised them, and seeing in its prejudices one of the most formidable obstacles in the way of their advancement, they have not hesitated to denounce it in the most vigorous terms. With bitterness in their hearts and anathemas on their tongues, it is not strange that some of them have found their way among those who are fighting the Christian religion itself. But it seems clear enough that they have not reached this position through the channel of disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible, for if this question has come to them at all, it has been only after they have taken ground against the church because of its failure to extend to them the hand of fellowship and love. This class of Negro skeptics, if they can properly be called skeptics, are further strengthened in their practical antagonism to the Bible by what they regard as the inability of the colored churches to furnish them with a religion suited to their needs.

And at this point we find a strong tendency among intelligent colored people, especially among our young, toward skepticism. They turn away from the colored churches on account of the real or supposed deficiencies of these organizations, and as there is no hearty welcome for them at white churches they are left without religious anchorage and drift into a state of mind, which they justify by expressing contempt for Negro churches, hardly daring to express contempt for the Gospel itself. Much of our church going is at best nothing more than the pursuit of intellectual food, and when our intelligent Negroes fail to find this at colored churches, and knowing that they are not expected to look for it in white churches, they seek mental sustenance in some other direction. We poor, much criticised and sometimes abused colored preachers, have, indeed, shown wonderful capacity for keeping behind the times in our educational acquirements, yet if our hearers breathe the same intellectual atmosphere that we breathe, our preaching satisfies them; but the intelligent Negro hears our tangled expositions of law and doctrine, our bad grammar and worse logic, and measures the Gospel we preach by our uncultured manner of preaching it, which, by the way, is not a very high compliment to the intelligence of those Negroes; but this is what they do, notwithstanding, and the consequence is they grow cold and indifferent toward us. Indifference toward the poor and ignorant church rapidly ripens into indifference toward the holy cause that it represents and the wanderer soon reaches the ground whereon contempt for the ignorance of colored churches and contempt for the Gospel itself, can stand without jostling each other. But in this case, as when the Negro protests against the unseemly attitude of the white church, his skepticism is an after thought, his divergence having begun with his rejection of the Negro church on account of its inadequacy to supply a religion of as high an order as he thinks he needs.

There is still another kind of skepticism among Negroes that has one feature peculiar to itself. There is no getting away from the fact that a very large proportion of American Negroes at least like to do what white people do. We love to dress like them, to live like them and to go through any showy performances that are common among them. I do not know that this is necessarily wrong, since the white people are ahead of us in wealth, culture and all things that make a people great and strong; but a good thing may be overdone, and when a Negro in his efforts to be like white men does not stop to find out whether white men are right or wrong, we have a case in point.

Skepticism has become eminently respectable. It has among its adherents some of the brightest intellects of our day, and people who occupy the highest social positions. It would be strange, indeed, if in this particular alone there were no Negroes who aimed at being like white people. And especially would this be strange when we have so many among us who are thirsting for that kind of notoriety that comes from mental attainments.

I have met colored skeptics whose skepticism, I felt sure, rested on just such a foundation as this; but I always have found vanity to be their prevailing characteristic, and the best medicine that can be administered in their case is to give them a chance to spread their feathers and then to pass on in silence.

Having identified, as nearly as we can, those Negro skeptics whose skepticism apparently falls short of open hostility to the Christian religion itself, we are confronted by those who are skeptics pure and simple. These are opposed to the doctrine of an inspired Bible, either in connection with other questions or stripped of all other questions. Like white men who are skeptics simply, they have considered that subject and have rejected the Bible. And of the character of their skepticism I see nothing unlike skepticism in general. Perhaps confirmed skeptics of all classes have left behind them their foot-prints as they have journeyed towards the realms of unbelief, and these foot-prints can probably be traced, but I confess my failure, so far, to discover any pathway to open war on the Gospel itself, trodden exclusively by Negroes.

If it be said that the attitude of the white church on questions vital to the happiness of the Negro, and the lamentable ignorance of the black church have launched the Negro on the shoreless ocean of skepticism, it can be said with equal propriety that white skeptics have uniformly inveighed against the church, indiscriminately, on account of what they have regarded as its criminal indifference to the claims of humanity.

The skeptics of Europe, especially, have always charged that their church establishments were the enemies of human liberty and progress, and in this country everybody knows that the anti-slavery army of the last generation was made up largely of skeptics who were fierce and fiery in their denunciations of a pro-slavery church and of a ministry that they claimed were afraid to take a step in advance of their people. I think it safe, therefore, to say that if the Negro who rejects the Bible can throw the responsibility for his skepticism on the church, white men of similar views can do the same. The similarity between them of which I here speak, however, relates to only one thing—the fact that both criticise the church alike. In some other direction white and black skeptics may be steadily unlike each other, and some one better qualified for the task than myself may be able to point out a permanent distinction between them; but with my present light on the subject, I find it difficult to speak of them as separate classes, seeing, as I do, no uniform difference between them except the color of their skin, the texture of their hair and possibly the average ability with which they defend their opinions.

It is not the purpose of this paper, as I have understood it, to meet the arguments of skeptics, either black or white, yet it may not be out of place to make this one remark: that skepticism can never justify itself in mistaking the church as an organization for the Gospel itself. Church organizations have at times been as bad and as rotten and as detestable as it was possible for anything human to be; but meanwhile the Gospel shone with undimmed lustre, and no man could mistake the darkness of the one for the brilliancy of the other. Let men who have a skeptical tendency keep this distinction clearly before them and it may prove a beacon light in the tempest of doubt.

It is in harmony with the objects of this discussion to say, in conclusion, that I believe the true battle ground against skepticism is within the walls of the church. In proportion as the church becomes the living embodiment of the Gospel, skepticism is crowded out of the arena.

The highest idea of social happiness will be reached only in the fullest realization of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Gospel has for its central figure the perfect man—perfect mentally, morally, spiritually—and all of its teachings lead on and up to the same supreme idea of manhood. Just as the church, by word or deed, falls short of this conception of its work, it gives skepticism its opportunity; for skepticism always appears as the professed champion of human progress and development.

But occupying its true place, the church becomes the leader in every good thing and the opposer of every evil thing, and then the occupation of the skeptic is gone.

The Negro church in its battle with Negro skepticism in those forms that confront it, can fight the battle nowhere else than within. It must have an enlightened ministry, it must raise the character of its worship; in all of its appointments it must keep pace with the demands of the hour. The old time high pressure, midnight style of worship must give place to a worship suited to these times and this higher civilization that we have reached. The startling, extravagant and unnatural experiences that have so long taxed our credulity to the utmost must give place to the dignified, earnest and powerful teachings of the New Testament. I say these things must be changed, and I want to say further to the skeptical, world that they will be changed. The Gospel itself will change these things by its silent, but irresistible, influences, for it is a Gospel of intelligence and progress and it brings into its service every means necessary to carry out its high designs. I go a step further and say that the change is going on now. Every Negro preacher in the land feels the rising tide and is looking forward to possibilities of which a few years ago he did not dream. As these possibilities are realized that kind of unbelief which has found its excuse in the mental and social poverty of the Negro church will be left without support and will be forced to confess its error, or, takes its place in the ranks of open hostility to the Gospel, where it will go down before the march of the Nazarene, toward the victory that finally awaits Him.

The Virginia Normal Institute.

Mr. Willcox, in alluding to the proposed system of Normal schools, said:

"I shall vote for the bill of the Senator from Shenandoah (Mr. Riddleberger) upon the ground that it looks to the higher education of the colored race. It seems abhorrent to common sense to attempt to restrict these people to a lower grade of education. They have properly repudiated the party which proscribed their intellectual progress—a party among whom I have many friends. Do we wish to debase a race when we remember the African Hannibal from Carthage—a prince and a warrior—crossed the Alps, and but for the cabal at his own capital at home, would have captured the capital of the world? We do not wish to put the colored man on any vantage ground, but to give him equal chance to cultivate his native powers. No man contemplates 'Negro supremacy.' That phrase disgusts both races.

I esteem the service, capacity and intelligence of General Armstrong at Hampton, but the time has come when the hundred thousand colored people whose representatives are here in these halls must see to it that their race shall have, as they are entitled to—a training school of their own.

I recognize the tactics of the party who, having failed in the methods usual in political warfare, now come and attempt by resolution to make political capital in a minimum basis. [Laughter].

I have, Mr. President, said this much simply to put myself on record as a testimony in Israel. [Laughter]. The bill asks nothing more than justice to these people, who are the wards of the Commonwealth. I, for one, have recorded my oath, and so help me God I will keep it to deal fairly and truly with this race in all their rights. They are entitled to this school and to the education that will make them equal to the task of teaching their own people."—"Richmond Whig."

Elixir Vitæ for Women.—Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Ave., Lynn, Mass., has made the discovery! Her Vegetable Compound is a positive cure for female complaints. A line addressed to this lady will elicit all necessary information.

The First in Our Port.

On Tuesday, the 3d inst., the schooner Sarah Fisher, 93 tons, C. D. Quinton, master, arrived at the railroad dock in this city with guano, consigned to the Road.

She was manned by the first colored crew that ever ascended the Neuse, within our knowledge.

Capt. Quinton is one-third owner of the Fisher. His mate Mr. Stephen Watts, is a very fine man. The captain has two sons with him in the crew; he will take a cargo of lumber from this port to Baltimore. It is quite a strange thing to see a colored captain, mate and crew, make fast to our docks, though time will accomplish all things, but it is not new to Capt. Quinton. Ever since 1858 he has been master of a schooner. The appearance of this crew was a new year's present for the colored people of New Berne.—*The Lodge*, Newbern, N. C.

To Whom it May Concern.

Parties residing here, desiring to see the undersigned on any business will please call at his office 609 Louisiana ave. between 4 and 5 p. m., or at his residence, 1511 P treet, n. w., in the evening and *not*, unless specially authorized to do so, call where he is employed by the General Goverment.

J. W. Cromwell.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FOR FEBRUARY, 1882.

CONTENTS.

"The Bay of Seven Islands," John Greenleaf Whittier.
"Some Traits of Bismarck," Herbert Tuttle.
"An Echo of Passion, IV., V., George Parsons Lathrop.
"Studies in the South." II
"The refunding Bill of 1881," J. Lawrence Laughlin.
"Tom's Husband," Sarah Orne Jewett.
"In the Silent, the Silent November," George Parsons Lathrop.
"Richard Grant White," E. P. Whipple.
"Ember Days," Edith M Thomas.
"Daniel Webster," Henry Cabot Lodge.
"Beethoven," Owen Wister
"Origin of Crime in Society," III., Richard L. Dugdale.
"A Contrast," K G.
"A House of a Merchant Prince," I., II. William Henry Bishop.
"Northern Travel."
"Recent Dramatic Literature.
"Von Holst's Constitutional History of the "United States."
"The Contributors' Club."
"Books of the Month."

MME. ADAM.

LAILE, (An Ugly Woman), soon to be published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., is one of the most exciting and charming books ever written. Its author is the famous Mme. Adam, Editress of the "Nouvelle Revue, being the Republican Madonna of Paris, who is now commanding the attention of all Europe, and is about to visit St. Petersburg at the invitation of the Czarina. Her salon is the most popular and influential in Paris, as all the Ministers, all the Republican Generals, and all the Republican Journalists are assiduous at her receptions, the fair hostess being the special friend and admirer of Gambetta. She is also very handsome, has chameleon-like eyes, always magical in their glance, a charming Grecian nose, a pretty mouth, full, witty and good-humored, an oval face, is slender, tall, brown-haired, and is said to have the most splendid arms and beautiful shoulders in the world, and is also the first Solicitense in France. A striking likeness of this wonderful woman will be in the book. Other books in press by this firm are: "Winning the Battle," by Mary Von Elden Thomas, which is interesting and natural, and will be welcomed by all Lovel readers. "Monsieur Le Ministre," by Jules Claretie, a political novel of France, and supposed to be a pen and ink portrait of Gambetta's life as Minister. "Manon Lescaut," by The Abbe Prevost, being the love of the infatuated Chevalier des Grieux for the volatile and inconstant heroine, and the book Dumas mentions and praises in "Camille."

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1882.

AGENTS.

Cochran, Ga. . . . . Richard Townsend.
Baltimore..... D. D. Dickson.
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... G. B. Anderson.
" ..... G. W. Renfro.
C. A. Lemar, Collector for Washington on New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
Lawrence,..... Rev. W. H. Scott.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Ten lines constitute an inch.
Business and special notices are 5 cents a line
Advertisements see rates.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One year, $1.50, if paid in advance.
Six months, $1.00.
Three months, 50 cents.
Tweny-five copies one month, $4.00
All communications should be addressed to J. W. CROMWELL, Box 963, Washington, D. C.

WHERE TO GET YOUR ADVOCATE

Mrs. J. A. Polkaty, 1318 M street northwest, Washington, D. C.
A. H. Brooks, 1905 K street northwest, Washington, D. C.
D. D. Dickson, 84½ St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

LOCAL.

Articles for the LOCAL COLUMNS must reach this office by Thursday morning. All other communications not later than Wednesday morning

Societies and churches wishing local notices of their entertainments and other special exercises, in order to ensure the same should send complimentary tickets.

—It's awful dull in matters social, just now.

—Sociable of the C. M. E. Church at Mrs. Gray's Monday night.

—W. A. Pledger is once more in town. He feels confident of succe s.

—In a few weeks Dr. Crummell will have his work ready for the press.

—The Monday Evening Literary keeps up with its studies in E glish Literature

—The Berean Church fa r will be opened, on the 25 i st. for the sale of fancy articles.

—Thanks to Mr. Aaron Russell for a copy of the proposed Code for the District.

—Quarterly Meeting of the Sunday School Union to-morrow afternoon at 15th St. Presbyterian Church.

—The Plymouth Congregational Church people cleared $100 by their fair. They give their next sociable at Mrs. A. Simmons.

—Why the children who go to Lincoln Mission Sunday School, are so unruly when they behave during the week at the public schools, we cannot divine.

—The many friends of Mr. Spencer Murray tender their condolence to him in the sudden loss of his mother. She died this week in Baltimore of apoplexy.

—The Board of Directors of the Progressive Co- perative Association will have a meeting next Thursday evening at the usual time at Mr. T. J. Minton's 1311 18th st. n. w.

—They went to Rev. John H. Brooks' church last Sunday afternoon like the doves to Noah's window,—not only the members of the Asbury congregation, but from all sections of the city. The choir outdid itself.

—The school in which the reporter who got up the *Item* account of the discussion at the Bethel Literary on Separate or Mixed Schools for the District of Columbia learned his ideas of English Grammar, must have been very much "mixed."

—Hon. A. W. Harris, of the Virginia Legislature paid a flying visit here this week. Mr. Harris made a creditable speech last week in vindication of the colored people of Fairfax, in reply to some taunts by Mr. Stuart of Alexandria.

—Who is that teacher in our public schools whose dresses only cost her $15, a year? Where does she deal? What does she wear? Who makes her dresses? Does she go to church? Does she visit the theatres? Does she give receptions? Does she invest in real estate?

—The Hall of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, on E street, rented by a few of the lodges, was dedicated by Union Friendship Lodge last Tuesday night. Several other lodges headed by the Wm. Andrew Freeman Lodge, meet in a more commodious and otherwise more suitable building on Pa. ave. between 9th and 10th street.

—Last Sunday night Rev. Grimke preached at the Berean Church on "Go work in my vineyard." Tuesday night, the Misses Patterson spoke on the Trades as affording greater inducements to labor than the professions; last night Mrs. Jackson. —Coupin lectured on "Labor and Victory." Tuesday night next, Dr. Crummell lectures on "Labor" and on the 7th proximo, Frederick Douglass speaks on Self-made men. There is enough continuity of thought to wake all Washington and keep it awake for years to come as to the importance of working while it is called to-day.

—The Jubilee Singers who are now singing at Chickering Hall, New York, will sing at the Congregational Church, in this city in Febuary next and the many friends of Miss Mattie Lawrence, who has won so many new laurels and added such distinction to the city of her birth, by her connection with this Troupe, intend to emphasize their appreciation of her talents and work by giving her and her associates a fitting reception during their stay in the city. The details have not been as yet perfected, but they are in the hands of a capable committee, consisting of Dr. Samuel L. Cook, William E. Matthews Dr. F. J. Shadd, Prof. R T. Greener, C. A. Fleetwood and others.

—Mrs. Carrie Clark of Brooklyn, N.Y., is now in our city making a short visit to her friends and is the guest of Mrs. Agnes Smallwood. She was entertained on Tuesday evening by Miss Maggie Grey, Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, L st. n. w. and Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Becket of Georgetown. She dined with Mr. and Mrs. H. Jarvis on Friday evening.

☞FOR RENT, the room 610 D street, recently occupied as a barber shop by Moses Payne. It is a good business stand. Rent reasonable. A good tenant can obtain the same by applying at the office of the ADVOCATE.☜

—We commend this to the pastors and officers of our city churches: "Elder P. C. Cooper again announces that he would not read any more notics from the pulpit. He said, he thought that the time had come to do away with the old custom of reading notices in churches, but he said that the newspaper offices was the place for that business, as that was what the papers were for."—*Three States, Cairo.* "Rev. Cooper is right. The time has come when ministers ought to stop the practice of converting the house of God into an advertising board for anniversaries, celebrations and cake-walks. Let other ministers in othe rcities discourage such a vile use of the church, and it will be stopped It is a relic of barbarism that intelligent people are in duty-bound to discontenance."—*Conservator.*

—At the annual Teachers Meeting of the 15th Street Presbyterian Sunday School the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Mr. J. H. Merriwether, superintendent; Mr. C. H. Wilson, assistant superintendent; F. T. Hyman, secretary; Miss E. L. Fisher, recording secretary; Mr. J. W. Ewing, treasurer; Thomas H. Warrick, esq., librarian; Mr. J. B. Hyman and Miss M. B. Syphax, assistant librarians; Miss A. L. Tilghman, chorister and Miss M. B. Evans, organist. At the quarterly meeting of the Sunday School, after the regular exercises of singing. reading of the essay by Miss Ermine Shimm, a recitation by Miss Mamie Moten and the review of the lesson for the quarter, the following scholars received books for punctual attendance during the year 1881: Mary Evans, Jennie Dowling, Jose Lewis, Elenora Joseph, Mamie Moten, Aaron Russell, Nancy Atwood, Gertie Smith, Cora Smith, Mano Smith, Charlie Smith, Jennie Jones, Lilie Jones, Archer Jones, George Cardozo and Essie Cardozo. Master Herbert Wilson received a prize of $15 for selling the highest number of tickets, 102, for the Cantata, Miss Pleasants sold 85 and received $7.50 and Miss Lily Cross, sold 75 and received $5 as second and third prizes. The Sunday School presented the church with $42 and the sexton Mr. Henry Scott, with a good substantial suit of clothes.

BETHEL LITERARY.

Eminent Negro Musicians—The Trades or Professions—Which?

The largest crowd yet was at Bethel Hall Tuesday night.

The secretary Rev. A. W. Upshaw, being absent Mr. Wm. C. Chase was temporarily appointed secretary. The minute were read and approved and the announcements were made for Tuesday next, a lecture: "Labor" by Dr. Crummell, and Tuesday week a general discussion on the topic: *Resolved*, That separate schools in the Districct of Columb a foster a prejudice injurious to the best interests of the public.

Miss Wilson then sung O, ye tears, in a very excellent manner. Miss Ruth Murray then gave her essay on Eminent Musicians of the Negro race. She spoke first of music as the language of the soul, the of the musical excellence of the Ancient Egyptians, from whom she contended, the American Negroes were descended, and applying a recognized law of heredity accounted for the musical talent now so universally conceded to us. She gave several instances of eminence, among others, The Black Swan, Blind Tom, the Luca family, the Hyers sisters, the Jubilee singers, Nellie Brown Mitchell, Messrs Jamison, W. F. Craig and Henry W. Williams. She also included many well known here and rapidly gaining reputation in musical circles in different sections of the country; Miss Mattie Lawrence, Mesdames Lena McKenney and Agnes Smallwood.

Then came a duett—Hope beyond, by Messrs. J. T. Layton, and A. Butler of Georgetown which was encored.

Mr. Cromwell alluded to Frank Johnson's Cornet band, an organization comparable with Theodore Thomas' orchestra as to the quality of their performances, as worthy of notice. Some of the most popular airs were composed by colored men. There was "Listen to the Mocking bird" composed by a colored minstrel of Philadelphia, named George Milburn, although Sep Winner who made a new arrangement has the credit for it. "Shoo fly don't bodder me" from which a fortune was made, thirteen years ago, the speaker had had heard in 1865, in the streets and bar rooms of Norfolk and Portmouth. "In the morning by the bright light" was by James Bland, a well known colored comedian formerly of this city.

Then came the essay The Trades or the Professions, which offer the greater inducements for our Youth by the Misses M. J. and Chanie Patterson. The essay was read by the latter lady. She expressed herself as decidedly in favor of the trades for the average youth as compare with the professions. She alluded to the number of skillful colored mechanics in the South and the indifference manifested by parents to-day. She referred to the obstacles placed in the way of instruction in the mechanics arts by trades unions and advocated the necessity for industrial or technical schools to supply the needed want. At the close of the essay, which was well received, Messrs J. W Cole and R. W. Thompkins sung the duett, Larboard Watch in very fine style. Then came on the discussion in which Profs. Greener and Storum, Messrs. Downing, Cromwell and Cary participated.

Prof. Greener said the matter was regulated by the political-economical law of demand and supply. If the Negro had the needed skill he thought there would be no permanent difficulty to his obtaining employment. Very often colored mechanics believe their work beyond the pale of criticism When a race finds certain occupations closed to them, they must make their money mainly through those which are open to them and through them open other avenues of employment. The Jews when they found in many countries by reason of their different religion, certain avenues closed to them and themselves deprived of two days each week, resorted to that calling in which they were not hindered by place or time—the business of lending money. Hence to-day their power. The Negro needs the brain power to so adjust his circumstances to the proper channel and success is sure. He alluded to the school teachers here as possessing great power for fostering business among the colored people. A book agent had casually stated to him that the teachers had subscribed for books to him for $5,000. If this were so, how much more—probably $50 000 was the amount of their business—say with the Lansburgh's. If this business was in their own hands what a power it would exert.

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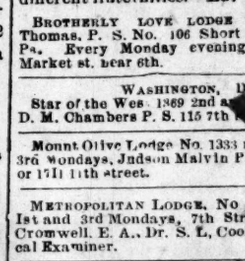

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THE NEWS.

Sibley, Dudley & Co., wholesale grocers of Chicago, made an assignment. The liabilities are placed at $250,000. The firm claim to have assets fully covering this amount.

At eighty-two points in Illinois there are cases of smallpox, all of which have developed during the last few weeks. The disease is slowly but steadily extending southward, following the main lines of railroad travel between Chicago and St. Louis, and along the Mississippi river from Jo Daviess to Alexander counties. Nearly every county on the river now contains one or more centres of infection.

The wrought-iron bridge crossing the branch of the Salt river near Mexico, Mo., on the Chicago and Alton railroad, fell under a freight train, and caused a loss of $25,000 to the company. Six cars went down with the bridge, and five others were detached before reaching it.

A gentleman of experience writes: Having inhabited countries where smallpox is a standing disease, and knowing for a fact that the following was used in houses and ships surrounded by such a calamity, and those who used the same in their respective dwellings were exempt from the scourge, I give it to you for the benefit of all: Put every week, even twice a week, in a warmed glass vessel, half ounce of nitric acid and half ounce of sulphuric acid. The fumes will ascend in a reddish color and spread all over the house, and take off sickness or miasma from said house, and prevent those occupying the same from taking the disease.

A suit has been brought in Cincinnati by the Merchants and Manufacturers' National bank, of Pittsburg, against the Siemens Anderson Steel Company, to recover on a judgment rendered in Allegheny county, Pa., for $317,000. The suit was brought in Cincinnati in order to attach the property of the company in that city.

At a meeting of the committee of common councils investigating the management of the almshouse of Philadelphia, Clement B. Lowe, a druggist, testified that, as secretary of the grand jury, he visited the almsnouse in company with the grand jury. The paupers were about to take dinner. The grand jury found that the bread was seur, and was told by Mr. Snyder, who was conducting the grand jury, that the bread was made up from a lot of new flour that they had just received. The baker said that the flour was the last of an old lot. A colored pauper complained that they did not get enough to eat, and were only able to keep soul and body together. In the foundling department they found the bread bad, and the milk was not of the character that it should have been. The children were shut up in the house, instead of being out to play in the fresh air, and he was told that the children had no hats to wear.

The postmaster at Wilmington, Ohio, writes to the Postoffice Department that a child died at that place a few days ago from what was supposed at the time to be chicken-pox. The funeral was largely attended, and as a consequence, there are over fifty cases of virulent smallpox in the town.

The track of the Mexican National railway is now completed across the state of Tamaulipas, and is being laid at the rate of a mile a day in the state of Nuevo Leon.

In the investigation of great frauds in the Philadelphia tax office, Tax Receiver Hunter has recently found plain indications of particular frauds in 1876 and 1877, but before he concluded his search the books for those years disappeared and cannot now be found.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, after stating that in years past the Hudson River Railroad Company used to keep a flagman at the end of the "cut" in which the accident occurred, but that recently these sentinels were taken away, says: "Possibly this may have been done because Mr. Vanderbilt's policy in cutting rates required that he should also cut expenses. When a railroad manager undertakes to run a long road cheaper than a shorter rival road can be run, he must do some thing to repair his losses, and ne siest thed thing to do is to dispense with employes whose services are not imperative necessary for the conduct of the business. By keeping flagmen at the 'cut' for a time, Vanderbilt's managers confessed that there was a chance of an accident at that point. When the men were removed the company took for its unhappy passengers the risk that an accident would not happen, and half a dozen dead bodies are the result."

The Chamber of Commerce of Cincinnati passed resolutions upholding the principle of the differential rates for which the Baltimore and Ohio contends, and also resolutions requesting the representatives to the National Board of Trade and in Congress to favor appropriations for deepening the harbor of Baltimore, and for building the ship canal.

A fight between Mexican troops and Indians recently occurred in Senora, in which five of the troops were killed. The Indians finally fled, with the troops in close pursuit.

The grain rates to New York were advanced at Chicago to a basis of 15 cents by the Vanderbilt roads, and 20 cents by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Ex-Judge McKenzie, a leading lawyer a Hampton, Ia., the man who sent General Sherman's signal during the war—"Hold the fort; we are coming"—died at his home after a lingering illness.

In the New Jersey House the Senate resolutions in reference to the death of President Garfield were taken up. That part of them referring to Guiteau as a sane man was stricken out, and the resolutions were passed.

Judge Barnum, of Chicago, created a sensation in his charge to the grand jury by instructing them to investigate thoroughly the question of gambling, and to extend their queries to the worst gambling house of all—the Board of Trade. He also instructed them to take up the matter of jury-packing, and make a lively overhauling thereof.

Southern News.

Solicitor General Phillips is an applicant f the United States district judgeship of North Carolina, but is opposed by about a hundred North Carolinians now in this city, a delegation of whom had a long talk with President Arthur. They oppose Mr. Phillips' appointment, on the ground that he is not a resident of North Carolina, not having resided there for eighteen years.

The Langley cotton factory at Augusta, Ga., has declared a semi-annual dividend of $12.50 per share, making over twenty per cent. for the year. The net earnings for the year are twenty-two per cent. The Sibley mills will soon be in operation. A site has been purchased for the John P. King mill, and the work of erection will be begun in a short time.

A fire broke out in the cotton rooms of W. L. Moody & Co., at the northwest corner of the Strand and Twenty-second street, Galveston, Texas. The building was occupied by the supreme court-rooms on the upper floor, Moody & Jemison, Grace & Co., J. P. Kindred and others on the second floor, and C. M. Pearre & Co., wholesale grocers, on the ground floor. The flames spread rapidly, and at 3 P. M. the large wholesale dry goods establishment of Messrs. Greenleav, Bock & Co. was wrapped in flames. The fire crossed the street to the wholesale hardware establishment of E. S. Wood & Son. The Moody & Jemison building is valued at $120,000. Greenleav, Bock & Co. are reported to be insured for $400,000, and C. M. Pearre & Co. for the same amount. The county library, valued at $25,000, is a total loss. The Supreme and Appellate court-room is a total loss. About one-third of the records were luckily not in the rooms at the time of the breaking out of the fire, and they are safe.

Grandison Harris, r., convicted in Richmond county, Georgia, of robbing a grave, has been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $1,000 and the costs of prosecution.

A telegram from Nashville, Tenn., says it has been raining for a week, and the Cumberland river is rising rapidly. Back-water has driven 200 families from their houses. Mills and factories have been compelled to close.

E. Lehman, retail clothier of Memphis Tenn., has made an assignment. Liabilities, $10,000; assets, $5,000.

Deputy Sheriff W. E. Walker, while making his rounds in the jail at Chester, S. C., was seized by two prisoners—Joe Weldon and Bill Washington—hoping to overpower him and make their escape. After a desperate struggle, he succeeded in drawing his pistol, and both the prisoners were severely wounded Aconstruction engine of the N. Georgia Pacific railroad went through an undermined trestle eight miles from Columbus, Miss., severely injuring Division Engineer Purcell. The engineer of the train was also hurt.

Five Arkansas penitentiary convicts were drowned in Fourche creek, five miles from Little Rock. They were placed in a flat-bottom boat and taken across the bayou. When near the middle of the stream some of the occupants rocked the boat until she took water, and suddenly sank, carrying nine men to the bottom. Four swam out and five were drowned.

The river at Nashville, Tenn., was reported be roitsing at the rate of oneinch per hour At that time it was fifty feet and one inch on the gauge. A steady rain was prevailing. Nearly six hundred families are driven from their honses.

The foreign shipments direct from Wilmington, N. C., are rapidly increasing. The shipments in two days aggregated in value $145,500, while on the next day five vessels cleared for foreign ports with cargoes aggregating $129,053 in value.

Atlanta, Ga., marked another step in its progress by the opening of its first grain elevator. The first grain was lifted in the presence of a large number of prominent business men. The elevator has a capacity of 210,000 bushels, is a private enterprise, and is only the forerunner of others on a more extensive scale.

A. C. & B. F. Wyly, wholesale grocers, of Atlanta, Ga., failed, and assigned to Benjamin E. Crane, of the firm of Langston & Crane. Liabilities $17,000, assets $12,500. Brock Brothers, tobacconists, of Atlanta, have also failed. The assets and liabilities are not yet known.

W. H. Locke, late postmaster at Eufaula, Ala., committed suicide at his home. He was relieved for deficiency some months ago, his bondsmen paying up the loss. He was arrested at the instance of one of his bondsmen and was to have had a hearing. He ate breakfast, went up stairs and shot himself through the head.

Foreign News.

The Porte has addressed a note to the powers declaring that foreign governments have no right of intervention in Egypt, and demanding an explanation of the Anglo-French note.

M. Gambetta has introduced his bill for the revision of the French constitution in the Chamber of Deputies.

Italy is not satisfied at being excluded from the collective action of England and France.

Spain has abolished the regulation prohibiting the sending of telegraphic messages in cipher.

The Earl of Shaftesbury and other philanthropic Englishmen are interesting themselves in a scheme for the relief of the destitute Jews in Russia.

A happy event has occurred in the household of the Duke of Connaught.

The Czar of Russia has granted a general pardon to the Polish Roman Catholic bishops.

The bill relative to the importation of pork introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies provides that the pork must be accompanied by certificates to the effect that it is fully cured. The importation of uncooked hopped meats remains absolutely prohibited.

The situation in Egypt grows more grave. The program of Parliament clashes with that of the Khedive and his prime minister.

It is said that there are signs of unfriendliness between the Crown Prince Frederick William and Prince Bismarck. The lattor is said to be in a bad humor.

An association for the promotion of bi-metallic ency has been formed in Berlin.

The French Chamber of Deputies decided that the commission to examine the bill revising the constitution should consist of thirty-three members.

In the French Senata M. Leon Say was re-elected president.

The Ecclesiastical bill to be introduced in the Landtag is quite liberal in its provisions.

Violent Measures Fail

When adopted to reform irregularity of the stomach and bowels. The medicine whose action most closely assimilates to that of Nature in her benignest moods is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This sovereign remedy for indigestion and costiveness contains no griping or drastic ingredients, and is a stomachic and laxative of well ascertained efficacy. It is also used with signal and attested success in cases of rheumatism, fever and ague, and weakness of the kidneys and bladder. It is a reliable means of cultivating vigor, and is commended as a medicinal stimulant and corrective by physicians of eminence. Its basis of pure spirits is modified by remedial constituents, which pre-eminently fit it to exert a tonic and reformatory influence upon a weakened system. It is a medicine which has widely commended itself by the decisiveness and promptitude of its effects.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Burned to Death.

In Panihatti, Bengal, a woman's clothes ignited as she was lighting a fire. The flames could have been easily extinguished by persons in an adjoining room if an alarm had been given. But the rules of caste would have been violated if the woman's shrieks had reached the ears of the adult male members of the household, and so the woman stoically suffered herself to burn to death.

Fashion Flings.

Afternoon private theatricals are very fashionable in London and in country houses in England.

Valenciennes, real or imitation, remains the popular lace for fine chemises and other fine underwear.

Collars for morning wear are straight bands of linen fastened in front with a small gold button or stud.

A great deal of spangled and tinsel-striped gauze is used in the composition of French ball dresses this year.

In breakfast caps of lace and muslin the variety in shape is indefinite, but Fanchon and the Normandy have the preference.

Many of the large collars are of white cream or pale tinted satin Surah, shirred up around the neck and edged with a wide ruffle of lace.

Silver gauze, dotted with silver beads makes a lovely evening dress for a lady no longer young, but who has preserved her complexion.

A new dress material just brought out by the French is a woollen stuff with a plain ground, on which heads of animals are embroidered or printed.

Silk handkerchiefs, in every combination of color and shade, are used in various ways as jabots, sailor colors, breakfast caps, and gypsy and creole kerchiefs.

All trains, no matter how rich and heavy, are lined with white crinoline muslin, and protected and adorned with a balayeuse of lace and muslin or lace alone.

Moorish headdresses in loosely folded turban shapes, adorned with red or imitation jewel ornaments and made of materials to suit those of the dress, are worn with elegant evening toilets.

Camel's hair cloth, serges and a new light cloth called Rhadames, are the leading woollen dress goods of the season.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

In bats the heart is aided by rythmic contraction of veins in the wings.

The skin of the hedgehog was used by the Romans for hackling hemp.

It is supposed that the rubber tree grows wild in all tropical climates.

It is said a mole can travel, when frightened, as fast as a horse trots.

When a crocodile is sore pressed with hunger, he swallows stones to relieve the uneasy sensation.

Dickens used to perambulate the streets of London, gathering queer names for use in his stories.

The threads of filaments forming the sponge average 1-900 of an inch in diameter, in the finest ones.

The French believe that if a branch of mistletoe is hung in a tree with the wing of a swallow the birds will fly to it from a distance of two leagues.

The scrapings and sawdust of bones from an article which bears a good price in the market, being much used by pastry cooks, says an English paper, as material for jelly.

In the details of the first voyage of the English to in India, 1591, we found rhinocerous horns monopolized by the native sorcerers on account of their reputed virtues in detecting the presence of poison.

E. L. Lowerce, Esq., cashier of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, was cured of St. Jacobs Oil, of a stubborn case of rheumatism, which wouldn't yield to physicians' treatment.—*Brocklyn Eagle.*

There are no pumps where the cocoanut grows, which perhaps accounts for the milk in it.

The Albany (N. Y.) *Press and Knickerbocker* says: "The largest following we know of to-day is that of St. Jacobs Oil; for where St. Jacobs Oil is, there rheumatism is not."

"No I shall leave my wife nothing," said old Gribbs; "she's always had her will, and I'll have mine."

Vegetine

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

ITS MEDICINAL PROPERTIES ARE

Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic.

VEGETINE is made exclusively from the juices of carefully-selected barks, roots and herbs, and so strongly concentrated that it will effectually eradicate from the system every taint of **Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Tumors, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Syphilitic Diseases, Canker, Faintness at the Stomach,** and all diseases that arise from impure blood. **Sciatica, Inflammatory** and **Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout** and **Spinal Complaints,** can only be effectually cured through the blood.

For **Ulcers** and **Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Scaldhead** and **Ringworm,** VEGETINE has never failed to effect a permanent cure.

For **Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Female Weakness, Leucorrhea,** arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases and **General Debility,** VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation, cures ulceration and regulates the bowels.

For **Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Piles, Nervousness,** and **General Prostration of the Nervous System,** no medicine has ever given such perfect satisfaction as the VEGETINE. It purifies the blood, cleanses all of the organs, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

The remarkable cures effected by VEGETINE have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know, to prescribe and use it in their own families.

In fact, VEGETINE is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable **BLOOD PURIFIER** yet placed before the public

Vegetine

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith republished entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting:

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:

SIR:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against nearing it are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from Malaria and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger usually brings a person to his senses even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food on my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I believed a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost utter hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained twenty-six pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe MORE THAN ONE-HALF THE DEATHS WHICH OCCUR IN AMERICA ARE CAUSED BY BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of Kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., December 30, 1881.

The census returns just given in Bombay are quite interesting. Asked to state their profession or calling, the simple Hindoos have filled up the paper with an accuracy that might in vain be sought for in any other country. In Bombay there are, upon their own confession, twenty-six gamblers and swindlers, one dog prisoner, sixteen wizards, and 698 tattooers.

The natural period of a lion's life is generally supposed to be twenty years. They have been known to live seventy years.

Jessie James, the outlaw, says he will kill twenty men before he is taken, and every detective in the West seems to fear that he may be counted one of the twenty.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night sweats and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual ways of preserving peace," was a phrase used in a speech made by George Washington to both Houses of Congress on January 8, 1790.

"FEMALE COMPLAINTS."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: DEAR SIR—I was sick for six years, and could scarcely walk about the house. My breath was short and I suffered from pain in my breast and stomach all the time; also from palpitation and an internal fever, or burning sensation, and experienced frequent smothering or choking sensations. I also suffered from pain low down across my bowels and in my back, and was much reduced in flesh. I have used your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," and feel that I am well. Very respectfully,

DELILAH B. McMILLAN,
Arlington, Ga.

The fashion of wearing artificial flowers for personal adornment was introduced by the wife of Edward III. of England.

CANCERS AND OTHER TUMORS are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

As near as we can learn the Persians were the first to bear the eagle as a standard.

NERVOUSNESS, and all derangements of the nervous system, are usually connected with a diseased condition of the blood. Debility is a frequent accompaniment. The first thing to be done is to improve the condition of the blood. This is accomplished by taking VEGETINE. It is a nerve medicine, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

Violin strings are the twisted muscular coat of the intestines of cattle and sheep. They are largely imported from Lyons and Italy.

In April Last,

twenty-four members of Arlington's minstrels were taking Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It made them happy.

A person's right to enter homestead land is exhausted in one entry.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days' to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood.

Address as above without delay.

P. S.—No risk is incurred as 30 days' trial is allowed.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

Querious that the Chinese men should have such long hair. Ladies, if you would have your hair as long as the Chinese, and as beautiful as an houri's, use CARBOLINE, the deodorizer and petroleum hair renewer and dresser.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as half a dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and to-day, I feel better than for three years past. I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR SHRINER'S INDIAN Vermifuge, and if he fails to supply you, address the Proprietor, David E. Foutz, Baltimore, Md.

ALLEN'S Brain Food—cures Nervous Debility & Weakness of Generative Organs, $1—all druggists. Send for Circ'r. Allen's Pharmacy, 313 First av., N. Y.

FOUTZ'S Horse and Cattle Powders are renowned the world over for preventing and curing diseases; it is, therefore, unnecessary to give them any further recommendation. Try them.

Thomas Carlyle died at the age of 85.

A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY!

STRICTLY PURE.

Harmless to the most Delicate!

By its faithful use **CONSUMPTION** has been **CURED** when other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

JEREMIAH WRIGHT, of Marion County, W. Va., writes us that his wife had PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, and was pronounced INCURABLE by their physician, when the use of Allen's Lung Balsam entirely cured her. He writes that he and his neighbors think it the best medicine in the world.

WM. C. DIGGES, Merchant of Bowling Green, Va., writes, April 4, 1881, that he wants us to know that the LUNG BALSAM HAS CURED HIS MOTHER OF CONSUMPTION, after the physician had given her up as incurable. He says others, knowing her case, have taken the Balsam and been cured; he thinks all so afflicted should give it a trial.

DR. MEREDITH, Dentist of Cincinnati, was thought to be in the LAST STAGES OF CONSUMPTION, and was induced by his friends to try Allen's Lung Balsam after the formula was shown him. We have his letter that it at once cured his cough and that he was able to resume his practice.

WM. A. GRAHAM & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, writes us of the cure of Mathias Freeman, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with BRONCHITIS in its worst form for twelve years. The Lung Balsam cured him, as it has many others, of BRONCHITIS.

AS ALSO

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, CROUP,

All Diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS and PULMONARY ORGANS.

C. S. MARTIN, Druggist at Oakly, Ky., writes that the ladies think there is no remedy equal to Lung Balsam for **Croup** and **Whooping Cough.**

Mothers will find it a safe and sure remedy to give their children when afflicted with Croup.

It is harmless to the most delicate child!

It contains no Opium in any form!

Recommended by **Physicians, Ministers** and **Nurses.** In fact by everybody who has given it a good trial.

It Never Fails to Bring Relief. As an Expectorant it has no Equal!

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

DON'T FAIL to send 3-ct. stamp for the most complete Catalogue of TYPE, BORDERS, CUTS, PRESSES, &C. LOWEST PRICES. LARGEST VARIETY. NATIONAL TYPE CO., 58 Sheriff Types Street PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SEEDS For 25 Cents. Also 50,000 Strawberry Plants. Catal. free. J. A. SALZER, La Crosse, Wis.

TORMENT, INDEED.

Life's vexations do not generally come on one like a storm descending the mountain or like a whirlwind; they come as the rain does in some sections of the world—gently, but every day. One of life's discomforts is presented herewith:

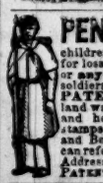
According to popular impression, hot weather, mosquitoes and mad dogs all flourish at the same time and are chargeable to the malefic influence of the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story of a dog and the comet, and which we here give in a short extract from the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to ha' been there last night to a-seen the fun. Tom Winkins' dorg Toddies was a-settin' at the gate a-gazin' at the Comit, when along comes old Sykes durned rat tarrier and the 2 waltzed over the fence and the 2 fought. The tarrier proved too much for Toddies, and afore they could haul him off the battle ground he had made a good square meal off his hide. Tom was in despair. A kind looking gentleman in a broad brim hat told him to get a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL and rub him with it, and it would cure him in no time. What does Tom do but steal into the chapel at Vesper time and slide into Father Jacobs confessional box and beg of him a bottle of his oil with which to rub his dorg. The Father felt of Tom's head; it was hot an' afore Tom could utter a prayer, two men were luggin' him home followed by a great crowd, who kept at a safe distance, thinking he had been bit by a mad dorg. The more he kicked and screamed to be let free, the tighter they held on to him." In reference to another torment, the Chicago *Western Catholic* recently wrote: "Mr. Joel D. Harvey, U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, of this city, has spent over two thousand dollars on medicine for his wife, who was suffering dreadfully from rheumatism, and without deriving any benefit whatever; yet two bottles of ST. JACOBS OIL accomplished what the most skillful medical men failed in doing. We could give the names of hundreds who have been cured by this wonderful remedy did space permit us. The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan, librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's indorsement:

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
204 *Dearborn Street,*
CHICAGO, Sept. 15, 1880.

I wish to add my testimony to the merits of ST. JACOBS OIL as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but, thanks to the remedy, I am cured. This statement is unsolicited by any one in its interest.

Very respectfully,
JAMES A. CONLAN, Librarian.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP



PENSIONS For SOLDIERS, widows, fathers, mothers or children. Thousands yet entitled. Pensions given for loss of finger, toe, eye or rupture, varicose veins or **any Disease.** Thousands of pensioners and soldiers entitled to INCREASE and **BOUNTY.** PATENTS procured for inventors. Soldiers land warrants procured, bought and sold. Soldiers and heirs apply for your rights at once. Send 2 stamps for "The Citizen-Soldier," and Pension and Bounty laws, blanks and instructions. We can refer to thousands of Pensioners and Clients. Address N. W. Fitzgerald & Co. PENSION & PATENT Att'ys. Look Box 888, Washington, D. C.

SIX ARTICLES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE. Swiss Bird Warbler, imitates any bird, you will astonish yourself after an hour's practice, also Gents' Gold Plated Set Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Scarf Pin, Collar Button, and one Cameo or Plain Ring. Remember, I make this great offer in order to introduce other goods. A Catalogue of which will be sent to all ordering one of the above lots, sent by mail for Twenty-Five Cents. Postage Stamps taken.
Address, V. H. WELLS.
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DIPHTHERIA!

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives, sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Maine.

THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE GUITEAU TRIAL

This is the only complete and fully illustrated "Life and Trial of Guiteau." It contains all the testimony of the experts and other noted witnesses; all the speeches made by the cunning assassin in his great efforts to escape the gallows by feigning insanity. Beware of catchpenny books. Millions of people are waiting for this work. AGENTS WANTED. Circulars free. Extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

NEEDLES. 120 English Needles. Assorted sizes, large Eyes, easy to thread, Silver Steel, will not bend, eyes drilled and burnished, will not cut the thread. Sample package by mail, 25c., 3 packages 50c. You can make money with them. Circulars of the goods Free. AGENTS WANTED. New England Novelty M'f'g Co., 24 Portland Street Boston.

SILVER WATCHES FREE

Every week Solid Silver Hunting-case watches are given away with the **Boys' Champion.** The names of those who got watches are published each week. It is the best Boys' Paper in the world. Send 5 cents for a sample copy to
CHAMPION PUBLISHING CO.,
194 William St., New York City.

ASTHMA CURED.

German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. Insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price, 50c., and $1.00 of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

Diary Free for 1882, with improved Interest Table. Calendar, etc. Sent to any address on receipt of two Three cent Stamps. Address CHARLES E. HIRES, 48 N. Delaware Avenue, Phila.

$1000 We will give to any one who is troubled with Worms that Van Deusen's **Worm Confections** will not remove. They have saved the lives of thousands of children. They are made of Roots and Plants. Sure and safe for the most delicate child. Sold at all stores. 25c. a box.

Men Wanted to sell French and Ornamental Trees, Grapes, Shrubs, Roses, etc. No experience required. Salary and expenses paid. Address D. H. PATTY & Co. *Nurserymen*, Geneva, N. Y.

SIX CTS WHY WASTE MONEY? Young man or old, if you want a luxuriant moustache, flowing whiskers or a head full growth of hair, buy Heads or to THICKEN, STRENGTHEN and INVIGORATE the HAIR anywhere don't be humbugged. Try the great Spanish discovery which has NEVER YET FAILED. Send ONLY SIX CENTS to Dr. J. GONZALEZ, Box 1849, Boston, Mass. Beware of all imitations.

PATENTS R. S. & A. P. Lacey, Patent Solicitors, Washington, D. C. Our valuable Hand Books, "Patents," and "Hints and Recipes" *sent free.*

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

BNU 4

YOUNG MEN If you would learn Telegraphy in four months and be certain of a situation, address Valentine Bros., Janesville Wis.

AGENTS wanted. $2.00 Watches, Christmas Novelties just patented. Sample, 11 1-cent stamps. Felton Mf'g Co., 138 Fulton St., N. Y.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Me.

10 CTS. pays for the Star Spangled Banner 3 months. *Nothing like it.* 20th year, 8 pages, ill'd, Specimens free. Add. S. S. HANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

AGENTS WANTED for the finest and fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per ct. National Pub. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Opium Victims. Send stamp and learn how to cure yourselves. Dr. BOSSEE, Logansport, Ind.

**WATC